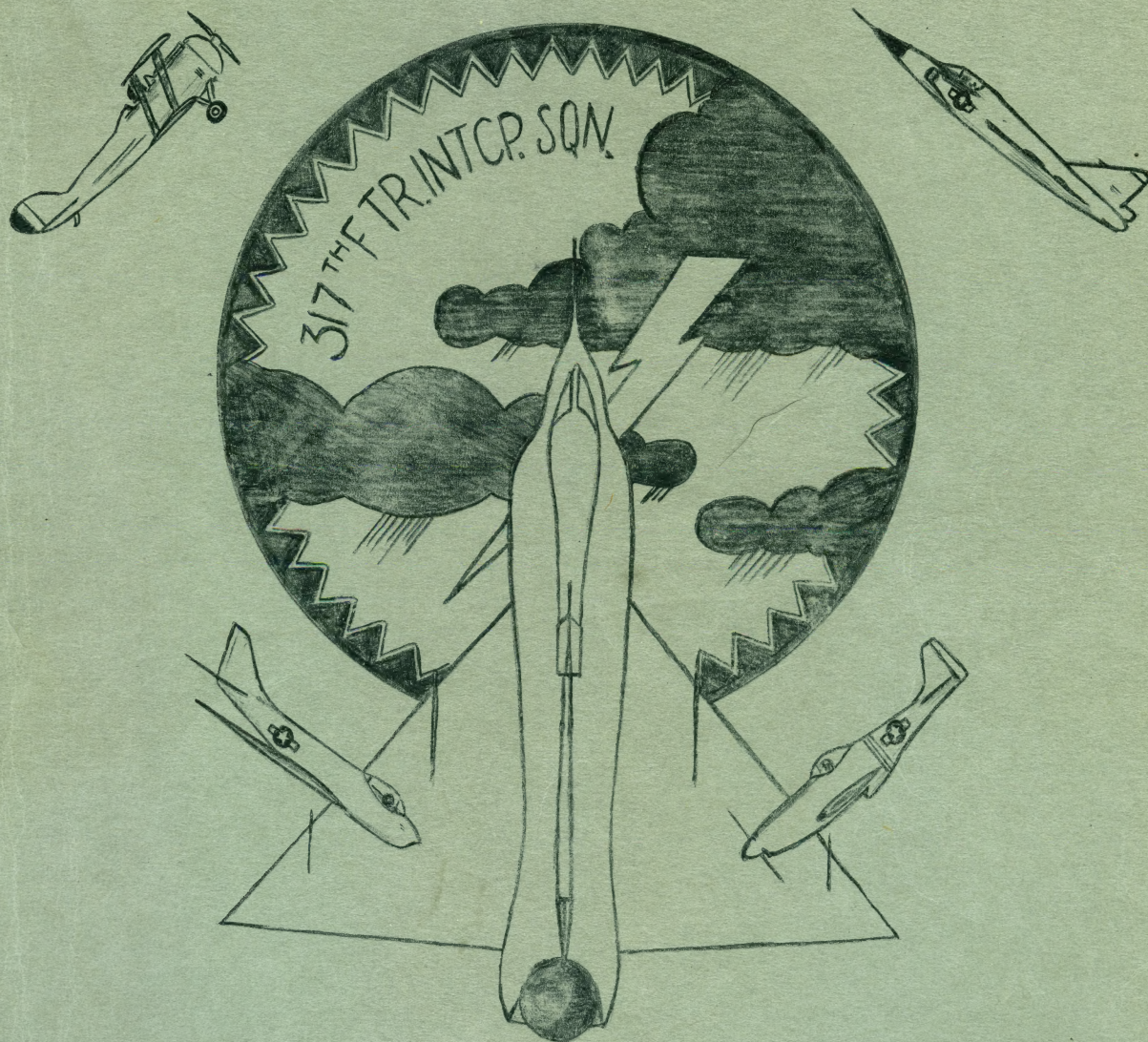


ACES



HIGH

317TH FIS SONGBOOK

INTRODUCTION

This first edition of ACES HIGH was inspired by Logan Bentley's Stovepipe Serenade and includes most of the songs in the 1956 edition of that work. A partial bibliography, including all but the many scraps and bits of songs and music that have been included, follows on the next page.

There are several versions of some of the songs in the book. The old favorites have a way of lasting through the years, continually modified and modernized each time someone writes them down. All the substantially different versions have been included for historical interest.

An effort has been made to indicate the tune to as many songs as possible. In some cases the songs have tunes all their own. If you come across one of these ask around and chances are some old-timer can help you out.

DEUCES WILD, the companion work to ACES HIGH, is made up of the songs deemed somewhat improper for mixed company. It is classified RIBALD AND UNPRINTABLE and should be handled with discretion. Distribution will be made as soon as it's off the press.

Well, let's dig in and start singing. As Willy Shakespeare says:

"I never heard so musical a discord,
Such sweet thunder..."

"Lightning Sam" Brooks
317th FIS Elmendorf AFB, Alaska

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Stovepipe Serenade, Vincent AFB, Arizona (1956)

317th FIS Official Songsheet

Songs of the Starfighters, 337th FIS

Songs of the Seventy First, 71st FIS, Selfridge AFB, Mich.

Songs of the Army Flyers, pub. 1937 by order of the Dadelians

Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Wing, (1952) by Willy Williams

Songs of the Friendly 8th, 8th Bomb Squadron, 3rd Bomb Wing, Korea

Songs of Squadron Officers Course, (1953)

Songs of the 325th FIS, (now 83rd FIS) Hamilton AFB, 1954

Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing, (1952) by Capt. George S. Thomas

Songs My Mother Never Taught Me, 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing, Korea

Songs of the 327th FIS, Mr. Penny Bowers, NAA, Korea

Songs of Nellis AFB

The Three Hats, Volumes I and II

G I Songs, Sheridan House, (1944)

The American Songbag, Harcourt Brace & Co., N.Y., 1927

INDEX

A Bomber Flies Ten Thousand Miles.....	68
ADC Pilot's Lament.....	39
Ain't It A Bloody Shame.....	21
Air Corps Lament (Glory Flying Regulations).....	17,18
Air Force Lament " " ".....	19,20
Air Force 801.....	51
Air Force Hymn.....	46
A Navy Prayer.....	57
An Irish Airman Foresees His Death.....	1
And I Learned About Flying From Him.....	97
A Poor Aviator Lay Dying.....	36
Army Air Force Heaven.....	5
Barnacle Bill The Pilot.....	27
Beer Song.....	75
Beneath A Bridge In Sicily.....	4
Beside A Brewery At St. Mihiel.....	3
Beside A Korean Waterfall.....	4
Blackbirds.....	35
Blood On Your Tunic.....	48
Boozin' Buddies.....	37
Break Right.....	78
Cheers, Cheers.....	64
Chicken Song.....	72
Come And Join The Air Force (And You Will Never Mind)	22
Co-pilot's Lament.....	23
Dirty Lil.....	75
Dog Pilot's Lament (We Will Abort Again).....	38
Early Abort.....	54
Eight Bucks A Day.....	45
Farewell To _____.....	40
Farewell To Antung University.....	59
Fighter Pilots.....	11
Flak In The Night.....	16
Flak Showers.....	52
Fleet Air Wing - Alma Mater (Gor Blimey).....	79
"G" Suits And Parachutes.....	69
Hail To The Squadron.....	47
Hail You Fighter Pilots.....	71
Here's To _____.....	70
Here's To The Regular Air Force.....	24
Her Name Is Grace.....	28
History Of A Song.....	2
Hutch's Ballad.....	61
If You Fly.....	47
Into The Air.....	76
I've Got Six-pence.....	71
I've Got The Clanks.....	41
I Wanted Wings.....	12
I Wanted Wings (Korea).....	13

I Want To Go Home.....	45
Jet Pilots In The Sky.....	42
Jet Pilots In The Sky II	43
Just Give Me Operations.....	14
Korea.....	49
Kuni-Ri And Antung.....	27
Lament Of The Reservist.....	26
Let's Have A Party.....	70, 74
Long Live The Irish.....	41
Look At The Ears On Him.....	77
Make Me Operations.....	15
Man On The Flying Trapeze.....	39
Meet Me In Kyoto.....	22, 60
Mig-15	56
Moonshine.....	59
Mother Take Down Your Service Flag.....	45
Movin' On.....	31
My Darling 39.....	31
My Wild Eyed Cadet.....	76
Napalm.....	53
Ode To The B-29.....	58
Off We Go (Back We Come).....	8
Old General Necrason.....	43
Old Soldiers Never Die.....	31
Old 97.....	33
Once They Were Happy.....	62
One Hand On The Throttle.....	70
On Top Of Old Fuji.....	56
On Top Of Old Pyongyang.....	57
Parties, Banquets, And Balls.....	73
Parties Make The World Go Round.....	66, 73, 74
Pasde Calais.....	47
Pilot's Lament.....	44
Pusan U.:	50
Rail Cutters.....	53
Red Nose Migs.....	56
Roll Your Leg Over.....	72
Safe Hand Mail.....	32
Samuel Hall.....	66
Save A Fighter Pilot's Life I.....	9
Save A Fighter Pilot's Life II.....	10
Seoul City Sue.....	49
Sing Hallelujia For Maneuvers.....	77
Song Of R And R	63
Song Of The 18th.....	35
Song Of The Zulu Warriors.....	8
Spot Promotion.....	21
Springtime On The Yalu.....	48
Squadron Song.....	73

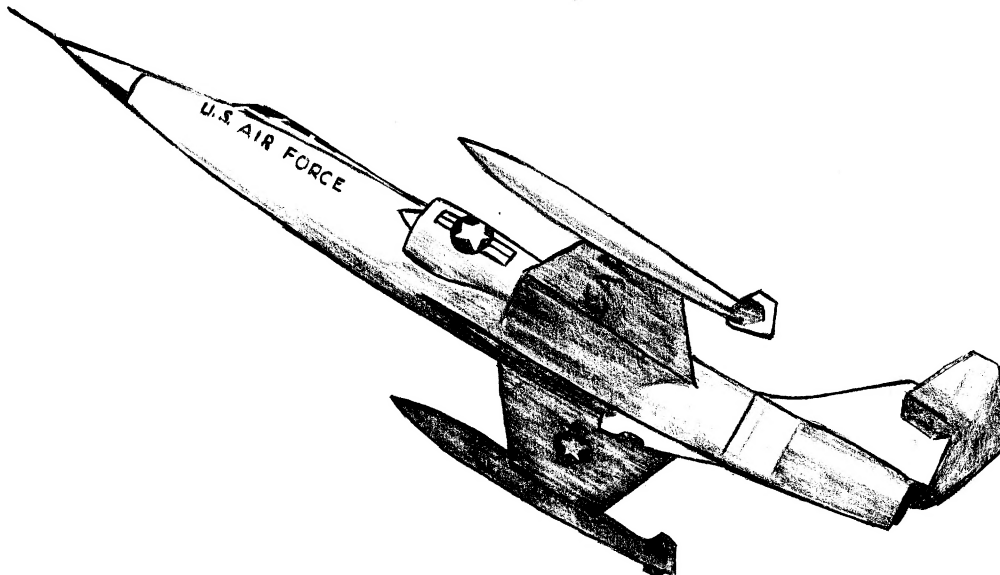
Stand To Your Glasses.....	6,7
Strafers.....	76
Strafin' Round The Mountain.....	58
Sweet Suzanne.....	65
Tachikawa, Yokahama, Itazuke.....	62
Ten Thousand Dollars Home To The Folks.....	44
The Air Force Has Gone To Hell.....	17
The Fighting 68th.....	46
The Fairchild Abortion.....	67
The Formation.....	56
The Handsome Young Airman.....	36
The Invader.....	67
The Itazuke ORT	59,79
The Little Mouse.....	72
The Man Behind The Armor Plated Desk.....	30
The Mission.....	55
The Old Bombardment Group.....	53
The Prettiest Plane.....	78
There Are No Fighter Pilots Down In Hell.....	10
The Po River Valley.....	63
The Passing Pilot I	2
The Passing Pilot II	3
The River Ran Red.....	52
Tiptanks And Tailpipes.....	16
Toast To The Blue Angels.....	29
Too Long At Itazuke.....	25
To The Regulars.....	25
We Heard You When You Sang.....	75
We Will Abort Again.....	38
When Your Leaves Have Turned To Silver.....	23
Who In The Hell Are You?	75
Wreck Of The Old 97.....	34
You Can Tell A Fighter Pilot.....	8

An Interview With Lt. Rudder.....	80
Notice To Passengers.....	82
Letters.....	83,85,86
A Tale Of Old Taegu.....	87
A Voice That Cries In The Teen Age Wilderness.....	90
An Interview With The General.....	91
Definition Of ATC Terms.....	93
Such Modesty!	95
Happy Birthday!	95
My First Time.....	96



"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above;
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love....
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seem waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

An Irish Airman Foresees His Death
by William Butler Yeats



HISTORY OF A SONG

The following example is offered to show how a song has remained consistently popular with the troops for over forty years.

"The Passing Pilot," as it was called in the First World War, is a universal favorite today under the title "Beside a Korean (Guinea) Waterfall." The best explanation of its origin I have been able to find appears in the introduction to John P. Marquand's book, "So Little Time."

Mr. Marquand says: "...a song about 'looking for a happy land where everything is bright' has been used frequently and is seldom quoted in exactly the same way, since it was a parody fashioned in the First World War and still, as far as can be discovered, is word-of-mouth. It was parodied from a song, 'The Dying Hobo' which appears in the anthology by Sigmund Spaeth, 'Weep Some More, My Lady.'"

On page 548 of "So Little Time" the following lines appear:

"We're going to a happy land
Where everything is bright
Where the highballs grow on bushes
And we stay out every night
Where you never lift a finger
Nor even darn your socks
And little drops of Haig and Haig
Come trickling down the rocks."



On this and the following two pages are presented versions of the song as sung in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Similar versions also appear in the following collections: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of Nellis AFB."

THE PASSING PILOT I

Beside a Belgian water tank one cold and wintry day
Beneath his busted engine a young observer lay
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole but not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words this young observer said:

Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where handouts grow on bushes and they stay out late at night
You do not have to work at all nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker come trickling thru the rocks.

The pilot breathed his last few gasps before he passed away
I'll tell you how it happened, the flippers fell away
The motor wouldn't work at all, the ailerons flivered too
A shot went thru the gas tank and let the gas leak thru.

The spirits left their bodies and as they upward flew
Said pilot to the observer I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll get old Pete to give us wings and back to earth we'll fly
And we'll haunt those god-damned Ki-wis until the day they die.

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel one bleak November day
Beside a busted DH-4 a brave young pilot lay.
His arms and legs were shattered, the tank had conked his head
We all knew he was going west, but e're he died he said:



"Oh, I'm going to a better land, they souse there every night,
Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees, and every one stays tight.
Where bugles never blow at all, where no one winds the clocks,
And drops of Johnnie Walker come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off, but as he passed away,
We saw his lips were moving, "My friends, it was this way.
The goddamned motor wouldn't hit, the struts were far too few,
A tracer hit the gas tank, and the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, where motors always run,
Where housewives hand out juleps, and pilots grow a bun.
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals, and not a bloody
flamin' four
And absinth frappes, sool and stout are served at every store."
("The Three Hats", Vol. I)

THE PASSING PILOT II

Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away
Beneath a busted Camel, its former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head,
And, coughing a shower of dental work, these were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land -- they jazz there every night;
The cocktails grow on bushes, so every one stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And little drops of whiskey come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:
"I'll tell you how it happened. My flippers didn't stay.
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet hit the gas-tanks, and the gas came leaking through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."
("Songs of the Army Flyers")

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh Death!, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Better days are coming bye and bye!

(Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron)

BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, one cold and wintry day,
Beside a busted fighter plane the former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head
And he listened to the dying words his young observer said:

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.
You never have to work at all, nor even change your socks
And little drops of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

The pilot breathed these last few words before he passed away:
I'll tell you how it happened: my flippers didn't stay,
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet ripped the gas tank and the oil came oozing through.

Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggplants grow on eggplants and pilots grow a bun
They have no interceptors, no Junkers thirty-four
And little frosted juleps are served at every store.

The observer said to the pilot, as heavenward they flew:
Now, when we see St. Peter, I tell you what we do:
We'll get ourselves some brand new wings and back to earth we'll fly
To haunt the goddam Jerries until the day they die!

Oh, we're going to a better land, they jazz there every night
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And Scotch or Rye or Bourbon keep running down the rocks.

("GI SONGS")

ARMY AIR FORCE HEAVEN

Beside a Korean waterfall one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered bomber plane a poor young pilot lay,
His parachute hung from a tree but he was not yet dead
And as they gathered round him, these were the words he said:

"I'm going to that better land where the motors always roar,
Where the eggplants grow on eggplants in the Quartermaster's store,
Where there aren't no interceptors and no enemies around
There'll be apple pie and rock and rye
And the pilots go there when they die
In the Army Air Force Heaven."

The pilot lay beside the falls as the medics clustered round,
And he said, "It's such a lovely place that's where I am bound."
A crankshaft in his liver and a sparkplug on his nose;
He says, "I'm flying fast my friends, to where every pilot goes."

"I'm going to that better land where the airman rides in style,
Where the automatic pilot works while we sit back and smile,
There's a girl for every officer, a dozen for the crew,
There'll be beds of hay in the old bomb bay,
And the boys will shout out, 'Bombs away!'
In the Army Air Force Heaven."

His breath came fast, he couldn't last
With sadness they all eyed him,
The medics wept and the tears rolled down,
The pools flowed down beside him,
The waters rose, they reached his toes,
He floated where he lay
And as he drifted out of sight, his comrades heard him say:

"I'm going to that better land
Where the flak don't never fly,
Where the bullets are all cotton
And the shells are apple pie,
Where the clouds are champagne cocktails,
And you drink them on the fly,
But it's time to leave, don't you grieve,
I'll be wearing wings on my leather sleeve
In the Army Air Force Heaven."

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters
The walls around are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
Here's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel
With wings of wood and steel
For mortal stakes we gamble
With cards that were stacked for the deal.



(Verses of this song appear as part of several other songs included in this collection. This is believed to be close to the original song which came out of the first World War, and is copied in its entirety from "Songs of the Army Flyers.")

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

"I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
With no Merlin before me to course
So come along, and get busy
Another lad now wants the hearse.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again.

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out Mustangs
Against the MIG-fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!!

(Capt Clayton Silliman)

OFF WE GO

(Tune: USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop
From over the land, and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer, and we will
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

(Capt Robert Daley)

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga sumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!
Chi-ga-ma-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FBS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.)

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (I)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"
I racked that (name of a/c) in the air a dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me (name of Sq CO):

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
And when I made my final turn, My God, I racked it tight
The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel (Wing CO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"
I pulled that (name of a/c) in the blue, she hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter when the work's all done this fall!

Cruisin' down the Yalu doing six-fifty per
Gave a call to (name of flight leader), oh won't you save me sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wings, my tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, and this is what he said:
I hate this God damn place!
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir?"
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - May day - got six MiGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die!

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighterpilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club
Oh look at the 55th in the club
They don't party, they don't sing
77th does everything
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die,
I've got a belly-full of war.
You can save those Zeros for the God Damn heros
For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat's no romance and it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
You can leave the Mitsubishes for the crazy sons-a-bitches,
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than get shot down in a Grumman,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things
Now I don't want them any more.

I'm too young to die in a God damn PBY
That's for the eager, not for me
I won't trust to luck to be picked up in a "Duck"
After I've crashed into the sea
I would rather be a hellhop than a flier on a flattop
With my hand around a bottle not a God damn throttle,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me part my lunch
For me there's no Hey Hey when they holler "Bombs Away!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
And I'd rather be home, Buster, with my ass than with a cluster
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more!

The day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, But I haven't got a one
Oh! What I'd give to have a butt.
Now the home front may be pitchin' but I still do my bitchin'
Till I find some real sharp cooky
Who can mass-produce some nookey
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more!

I WANTED WINGS

(Korean Version)

I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,
I've had a bellyfull of war.
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
Migs always make me barf my lunch
For me there's no hey-hey screaming,
"Bogies that-a-way!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off,
I would rather be home, buster,
With my butt than with a cluster, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddam things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor
Squadron")

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop roll and spin but they'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It boks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me a F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an eighty-six-D with overdrive and TV
She'll loop roll and spin but she'll soon auger in
Don't give me an eighty-six-D!

Don't give me an F-89 though "Time" says they really will climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it has done
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you
Just give me an old Fifty-one!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old Mustang
For defending democracy's cause
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home!

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Brigain,
Don't give me a P-38

CHORUS: Just make me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in,
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an airplane I know,
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun,
But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun,
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

("Songs of SOC", "Repulsive Rhapsodies")

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Tune: Bless Them All)

Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

AIR CORPS LAMENT (Battle Hymn/Rplc)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Corps gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The Air Corps gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Corps gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Corps gone to hell.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
Wherever the red trucks go
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,
But there is one thing I know;
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
Dentist, oh Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix
I'm lost in the night . . .

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
Who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived
For nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded
And those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when
Their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives
That plastered Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies
And they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

They flew their Mustang fighters
Through a living Hell of flak
And the bloody dying pilots gave
Their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong
In the operations shack
Their technique's gone to Hell!

CHORUS

(Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor
Squadron)

AIR FORCE LAMENT

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at Death and lived for nothing but to fly,
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by;
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

CHORUS: Glory - - Flying Regulations!
 Have them read at every station!
 Crucify the man who breaks one.
 The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong,
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song;
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name,
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame;
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak,
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back,
But now they all play ping-pong in the Operations Shack
Their technique's gone to Hell!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with con-trails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew,
And we can't fly for Hell!

You have heard your pounding .50's blaze from wings of polished steel;
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its meanin' groanin' squeal,
And it won't climb for Hell!

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the Wide Blue Yonder in the days when men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angels' game
We split the Blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all Verboten and we're all so goddam tame.
Our spirit's shot to Hell!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap;
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of THAT!
Or you will burn in Hell!

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin?
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din?
Have you tried to do it lately? Better not - you'll auger in!
And then you'll sure catch Hell!

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old,
When pilots took their choice of being old or young and bold,
Alas; I have no choice and I will live to be quite old!
The Air Force's Gone to Hell!

But smile a while, my pilots, though your eyes may still be wet;
Some day we'll meet in Heaven where the rules have not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let
The Air Force Fly like Hell!

FINAL CHORUS: (With a note of Hope)

Glory! No more Regulations
Rip them down at every station!
Ground the guy that tries to make one!
AND LET US FLY LIKE HELL!

SPOT PROMOTION

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried so hard, my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me?

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The T/O's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO,
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war.

Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot?

AIN'T A BLOODY SHAME?

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam.

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame!

Shed a tear when you think of us,
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yalu.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day
While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind!

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damm engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Tune: Meet Me In St.Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some Sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of Saki
If you'll meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine!

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you: ("Any old dirty Major")
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!

("Songs of the 49th" by Lt Effinger)

CO-PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: The Cowboy's Lament)

I'm the co-pilot. I sit on the right
It's up to me to be quick and bright
I never talk back or I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting
And fly the old craft when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and but him Cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty"!

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats", Vol. II)

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on...
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies", they are hereby combined.)

TO THE REGULARS

(Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh I was called to risk my ass
And save the U. N. too,
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs,
The reserves were called enmasse
For the U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regulars'll come
And we can all go home. (REPEAT CHORUS)

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Have had forties up their ass
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no senators dead. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to.
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the Air Reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve. (REPEAT CHORUS)

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew on weekends
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinmak
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to MiG Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MiGs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled "Break!"
Sixty-one and three thousand, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke
Look just like a little gook
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
Me work in rice-paddy
Go Geisha house and drink saki
Me jo-to Number One Japanese boy-san!

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS: Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild Wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it - my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: Barnacle Bill the Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do
the trick

And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden.

HER NAME IS GRACE

HER NAME IS GRACE
SHE'S ONE OF THE BEST
AND, OH WHAT A NITE
WHEN I GAVE HER THE TEST.
I LOOKED AT HER WITH JOY AND DELIGHT.
FOR SHE WAS MINE, ALL MINE
SHE LOOKED SO LOVELY, SO SWEET, AND SLIM.
I'D SEEN HER STRIP
I'D SEEN HER BARE
I'D FELT HER ALL OVER,
AND LOOKED EVERYWHERE.
BUT THIS WAS THE NITE I LIKED HER BEST
IF YOU'LL JUST WAIT I'LL TELL YOU THE REST.
I GOT INSIDE HER, SHE SCREAMED WITH JOY
FOR THIS WAS HER FIRST NITE ALONE WITH A BOY.
I GOT HER UP HIGH AS QUICK AS I COULD,
I HANDLED HER WILL, SHE WAS SO GOOD.
I TURNED HER OVER ON HER SIDE,
AND ON HER BACK AS WELL.
IT WAS ONE GREAT BIG THRILL.
SHE'S THE BEST IN THE LAND.
THAT P-47 OF THE FIGHTER COMMAND.

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS

(Tune: This Old House)

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue?
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the Captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm.

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And we're looking for the P.I.O.
Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called old yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G-Suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care!

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning
When the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing
Beside his office door
He'll be sweating out the take-off
As he's often done before
The man behind the armor plated desk.

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled oe'r the I.P.
As we went in to attack
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys,
But allergic to ack ack"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in lads
But a few aren't coming back."
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
When you supress the flak"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
But not a pilot you will see
For they'll all be at the "O" club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing, "The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk".

MY DARLING 39

(Tune: My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39!

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39.

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to your 39!

All the brass hats in our Congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39!

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die
Old soldiers never die, they just fade a---way.
Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy
Old sailors never buy, they just sail away.
Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly
Old pilots never fly, they just draw their pay!

MOVEN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet
It's the 49th in full retreat
They're moven on, they'll soon be gone
They've pushed around just long enough
They're moven on.

Hey GI you pissed off me
What's the matter you got no VD
I'm moven on, I'll soon be gone
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road
I'm moven on.

Mama-san moven down the track
With a GI baby strapped on her back
She's moven on, she'll soon be gone
If she catches GI papa-san
He'll be moven on!

SAFE HAND MAIL

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary Mustang
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief
"Is my span-can ready to roll?
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an
hour
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his Mustang all to hell
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Capt William F. ("Romeo") McCrystal.
A similar version of this song also appears in "Songs of the 357th FIS")

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron
And they didn't have room for more
The first ninety-six were of new construction
But the last was a DH-4!

She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten
And the wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
A cow that was quite content.

She was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A second lieutenant wandered into the office
And he asked for a ship for two
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for the majors
And the captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus
And he had to make that flight
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm
And he turned back to the right
And he turned around, the fog was behind him
And the mountains were all in sight.

He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm
Till the light began to fail
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And the throttle was bent in the forward position
But the engine was facing the back.

Ladies, listen to my story
No matter how you yearn
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband
He may leave you and ne'er return. ("Songs of the Army Flyers") 33.

WRECK OF THE OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight.

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

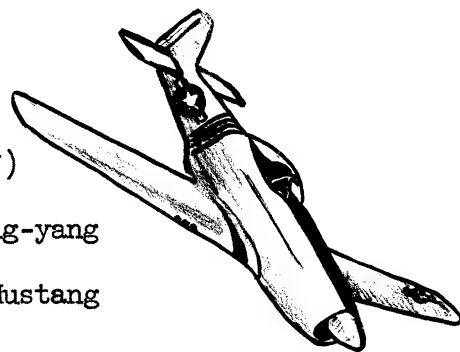
There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

SONG OF THE 18TH

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)



It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a Mustang
Cause I'm fixing to go over the side!

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
And the Chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run 'em up, boys, and we'll clean out our engines
And the drinks are on the last one to get back".

Close support is a damn fine sortie
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a '20 or a '40
And your engine coughs and sputters and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the Chinks start blazing away
And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And I guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds . . .
Go in low and come out fast,
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks
We fly blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone
And assemble the engine again."

(From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version.. is from Abbe Niles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.'")

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His engine was wrapped round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again!"

(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:
"GI SONGS", "Songs of SOC", "Songs of the Army Flyers")

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'"

THE DOG PILOT'S LAMENT or WE WILL ABORT AGAIN

Oh come all ye pilots to our Rocket Meet,
We will abort again.
A low to the West and a low to the East,
We will abort again.

CHORUS: We will-a, we will-a, we will abort
We will-a, we will-a, we will abort
We will abort, we will abort,
We will abort again.

We waited two months for the weather to clear,
We will abort again.
We sat at the Club and we slopped up our beer,
We will abort again.

Away went the weather and out came the sun,
We will abort again
The pilots were ready to make their one run,
We will abort again

The Colonels and Generals went out for a look,
We will abort again,
The tow ship got airborne and dropped the damned hook,
We will abort again.

The dart crew was ready that cold windy day,
We will abort again
The wind came along, blew our new dart away,
We will abort again.

When finally they got that dart into the air,
We will abort again.
Horsefly took a look, and the dart wasn't there,
We will abort again.

The dart drawn on paper looks good to the eye,
We will abort again
According to Orville the damned thing won't fly,
We will abort again.

We abandoned the dart with the greatest aplomb,
We will abort again
Sent two thousand miles for the Newcastle Bomb
We will abort again.

MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys their wings have been clipped.

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight.

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us says Jet four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers says Jet number three
Let's go home this is no place to be.

But the Mustangs had sighted the boogies
They pulled through the top of a loop
They dove on the trembling F-80's
My God have they scrambled the Grooooooop.

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact number four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more.

ADC PILOT'S LAMENT (This Old House)

ADC's got General Partridge, SAC's got Curt LeMay,
TAC and CREWTAF get the glory while we pull alert all day.
Scramble ulcers get the weakest, grey wall virus gets the rest.
Try to take a short vacation; General Partridge pulls a test.

CHORUS:

I ain't gonna need my wife no longer, ain't gonna see my kids no more.
Ain't got time to go to finance, can't get near the liquor store.
All my golf clubs gettin' rusty and my game has gone to hell,
All I do is sit and wait for; General Patty's scramble bell.

We take off into the darkest in the rain and sleet and snow,
We go on a scramble vector of controllers in the know.
There ain't really nothin' to it for our mission we all know,
General Patty's right behind us with his motto "GO GO GO".

CHORUS

FAREWELL TO _____

(Red River Valley)

From this pasture they say he was flying,
Back in Fiscal year nineteen ought two,
When the Jennies were still on the board yet,
_____ we're gonna miss you.

The mechanic he started the engine,
It fired up with a terrible sound,
Dear old _____ climbed into the cockpit,
Goosed the engine and leaped off the ground.

Now the night it was dark and so stormy,
And that airplane it bucked and it rolled,
There was three feet of snow in the cockpit,
And poor _____'s rear end was so cold.

But the mail had to go through on schedule,
So he headed due west with a grin,
For this man was a Signal Corps pilot,
On his tunic he wore wings of tin.

He was high o'er South Bend when it happened,
When the engine it ran out of gas,
There was no published IFR letdown,
Looked like _____ was bustin' his _____.

But the mail had to go through on schedule,
So he stuck out his arms like a crow,
And he flapped on to his destination,
Got a medal for being so bold.

Then they sent him up North to Alaska,
And since then he's been running the show.
Though we've long since quit flying the Jennies,
Don't tell him and it's sure he won't know.

I'VE GOT THE CLANKS

(You're just in love)

I hear vectors when the air is clear,
I see bogies when there's no one near,
I get clanky when I'm in the sky
Way up so high,
On GCI

I get shaky when I'm in the soup,
Think I'll transfer back into the Group,
Red lights in the cockpit of the Deuce
Are out to clobber me,
I've got the clanks.

We don't need supervision,
We don't need T.O. revision,
We don't need directives from the Group.
We all know what's the matter,
We just get a bunch of chatter,
When we try to get the latest poop.

Colonel Chitty has no feeling,
His letters are not revealing,
Never says if he's pleased or not.
There is nothing he can buy,
To help me when I'm in the sky,
'Cause I'm not brave, I've got the clanks!

- LONG LIVE THE IRISH -

THE FIRST AMERICAN SOLDIER TO KILL A JAP WAS MIKE MURPHY

THE FIRST AMERICAN PILOT TO SINK A JAP SHIP WAS COLIN KELLY

THE FIRST FLYER TO SHOOT DOWN A JAP PLANE WAS BUTCH O'HARE

THE FIRST AMERICAN TO BE DECORATED BY THE PRESIDENT WAS PAT DOWNS

THE FIRST GUARDSMAN TO SPOT A GERMAN SHIP WAS RED O'TOOLE

THE FIRST AMERICAN ADMIRAL TO BE KILLED LEADING HIS SHIP INTO COMBAT
WAS DAN O'CALLAHAN

THE FIRST AMERICAN SHIP TO BE NAMED FOR BROTHERS WHO SACRIFICED THEIR
LIVES TOGETHER IN COMBAT WERE THE SULLIVANS

THE FIRST SONOF A BITCH TO GET FIVE NEW TIRES FROM THE RATION BOARD
WAS NATHAN GOLDSTEIN

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

An old F-80 was airborne one dark and windy day;
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound
Don't let that fire go out, dear Lord, 'til I am on the ground.
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o
Jet Pilots in the sky -----

Those Flying Fiends are here to stay, they say they're very mean,
And you all know we're famous since 1917-----
Though we may work on Holidays and weekends just the same,
Those Pukin pups make History. Oh, bless that famous name.
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----

And as our 80's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame.
The pilots all may go through Hell, but they fly 'em just the same
The Crew Chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,
And watch with satisfaction, as their plane goes screaming by.
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----

Day and night our pilots fight, to live up to their name
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high;
They cuss and cry, live or die; Jet Pilots in the Sky.
Yippi I Ya Yippi I Yo-o-o
Jet Pilots in the Sky-----y-----

JET PILOTS IN THE SKY

An F-102 got airborne one dark and windy day,
And as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray,
Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out dear Lord, till I am on the ground.
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,
Jet pilots in the sky.

Those flying fiends are here to stay, they say they're very mean,
And you all know we're famous since 1917,
Though we may work on holidays and weekends just the same,
Those deuces do make history, oh bless that famous name.
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,
Jet pilots in the sky.

And as our deuces leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,
The pilots all may go through hell, but they fly 'em just the same,
The Crew Chiefs work forever to keep them flying high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,
Jet pilots in the sky.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours go on to fame,
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,
They cuss and cry, live or die; Jet pilots in the sky.
Yippi I Ay, Yippi I O-O-O,
Jet pilots in the skyyyyyy.....

* * * * *

OLE GENERAL NECRASON

Ole General Necrason he woke up one day,
He said, "Faith and begorie, I must earn my pay,
So we'll transfer alert crews where housing is not,
Send a few hundred airmen to some lonely spot."

PCS,
Yes, All PCS.

So he called a big meeting, assembled his staff,
Said, "It soon will be winter so give them some chaff,
On very short notice, more schools, TDY,
Cause I really just love to hear full Colonels cry."

PCS,
Yes, All PCS

And with built in confusion his personnel shop,
Cut the General some orders that he couldn't stop,
Himself he had shafted, to Alaska he went,
That's completed staff action, one hundred percent.

PCS,
Yes, all PCS....

PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had The Wings Of An Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather 'round while we sing this song to you!

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any a blacked-out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the _____ Fighter Group!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HOME TO THE FOLKS

Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Early in the morning?

Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Early in the morning.

We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
Early in the morning.

We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
Early in the morning.

Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
An engine goes ka-flowey - another pilot croaks
And it's ten thousand dollars home to the folks.

MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother take down your service flag
Your son's in the S.O.S.
He's S.O.L. but what the hell
He never suffered less
He may be thin but that's from gin
Or else I miss my guess
So mother take down your service flag
Your son's in the S.O.S.

Mother put out your golden star
Your son's going up in a Sop
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak
She's got a rickety prop
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk
He's sure to take a flop
So mother put out your golden star
Your son's going up in the Sop .

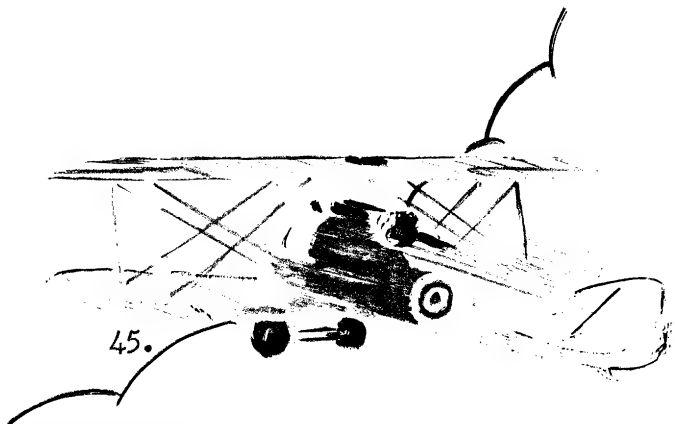
EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg
Eight bucks a day - Eight bucks a day
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg
Eight bucks a day is the pay
Close the gate - Lock the door
Cause we won't come back to Langley any more
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

I WANT TO GO HOME

(Air Service Stanza)

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!
I want to go home.



AIR FORCE HYMN

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Thro' the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,
Uphold them with Thy saving grace
O God, protect the men that fly
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

THE FIGHTING 68TH

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a story of Squadron 68
Came over from Ashiya to join the Fighting Eighth
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew
They don't belong in a Fighter Group, but what can Chitty do?

CHORUS: La da da da - What can he do?
La da da da - What can he do?
La da da da - What can he do?
Oh, they don't belong in a fighter group
But what can Chitty do?

They fly their old nite fighters, they take off after dark
They don't know what they're doing, they're just out for a lark
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch!

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
We often hear nite fighters saying "Moonshine, is that you?"
"Moonshine, this is Feminine, this is Feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars to land, they're in our way!"

PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur
Send me to Paris or a target in France
Any old place that I might have a chance
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur.

You may think I'm wacky
But I'm only slightly flacky
Don't send me over the Rhur
Now the alert's on the phone
And the target's Cologne
My God, that's on the edge of the Rhur.

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town
Any place you can see thru the flak to the ground
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur
For even when I'm starting
I'm planning on aborting
Don't send me over the Rhur.

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be dumb deaf and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all-weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we don't pine, it's better than an eighty-nine.

If you fly a Thunderjet you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps
Hail to all airmen who braved the skies before
We're on the road to victory, thumbs up forever more
Hail to the squadrons flying high
Hail to the men who rule the sky
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me sir,
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a
There's blood on your tunic
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir,
But on the Lt. I meant no slur
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MiGs come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MiG and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over A 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more!

SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bon Chong way
And there I met a Gook girl
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th" "Seoul City Sue"
is from "Songs of the Friendly 8th")

PUSAN U

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away.
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
and she said, "Pusan U."

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team
We win our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"



AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coulant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coulant's gonna blow,
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgement Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day'
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead
as we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts.
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
as we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that
awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody
back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my D.F.C.
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (Hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When those rockets hit the bell
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through
It was when I hit the silk - oh my God I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down!

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart?

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Fill that barrel up - We'll drink a loving cup - To bombers one by one
Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow - For tomorrow never comes
Here's a health to Anti Aircraft - Here's a bumper to Pursuit, God help them
Join in all of you - We'll drink a barrel to the Old Bombardment Group.

EARLY ABORT

(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Col. Napier and I'm the leader of the group
If you will step into my tent I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the Commies are and where the flak is black
I'll be the first one off the deck and I'll be the first one back!

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
Early abort, avoid the rush, oh, the Liberty Squadron's on parade!

My name is Major Swan and I lead old Liberty
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the lines, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are ready, but let their skipper shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing.
Any night in the "O" Club you can hear how well they sing.
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MiGs, these bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fightin' MiGs, I'll tell you what I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.
We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say
But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six
To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!

THE MISSION

(Tune: The Thing)

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping - -
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather, it was fine
"One word of advice," he said to us, "Thought I hate to spoil your fun
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!"

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise - -
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below - -
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!

I rolled it out of that six-G turn out over the briny deep
That MiG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep
But when I looked back, oh there he sat, as fat as he could be - -
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red - -
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight
And you've got a MiG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
DON'T ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do.

THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi
Here's a health to the leader's two wingmen, to the gunner within his turrell
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in Hell!

RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
And they want to fight
Let's hurry, hurry home
Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?
Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight!

MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG-15
A tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I taw him
As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15
Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84
I'll shoot him down in flame!

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open he made his last pass
On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man, he'll never get back
For flying is pleasure, and dying a grief
And a quick-triggered Commie, is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you and take all you save
But a quick-triggered Commie will send you to the grave.
The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand can an old Mustang trust.

Now the moral of this story is easy to see
Don't go to Sinanju, or old Kuniri.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this, this horrible sound:
Attention all pilots - Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more.
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop.

A NAVY PRAYER

Our father who art in Washington
Truman is thy name
The Navy's done
The Air Force won
On the Atlantic as in the Pacific
Give us this day our appropriation
And forgive us our accusations
As we forgive our accusers.
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson
For thine is the power
The B-36 and the Air Force
Forever and ever. Airmen.

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

ODE TO THE B-29

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right,
"George" is flying with all his might! GROWR, GROWR, GROWR!!

MOONSHINE

(Tune: You Are My Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying
I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
And I believed him like a dope
I flew to Moji - and still no bogie
He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine
How could you let me down this way?
My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
Won't you take that Moonshine away!

FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality
Forty thousand is no place for me, with MIG-15s in the vicinity
With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish that I'd stayed on
the ground
I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did Red Leader go, when I called out "Bingo"
That's what I'd like to know, just where'n the hell did he go?
He called "Red Flight, BREAK RIGHT", all I did was tuck in tight
He climbed up in the sun and that's when the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around
Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.
I called "Red Leader, where in the hell did you roam?
Clear yourself and ride the Mach cause I am going home"!.

THE ITAZUKE O R T

(When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke O R T;
Other pilots went to briefing,
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping,
Hotter Stones you'll never see;
We were hotter than Tobasco
When Group pulled each fiasco,
We excelled in proficiency:
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang,
In the Itazuke O R T.

MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Meet Me In St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto, Moto,
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter,
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of saki, if you'll
Meet me in Kyoto, Moto
Meet me at the shrine.

HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our Mustangs grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go
We toggled off our babies
And we watched them hit below
He had placed his rockets wildly
And he'd fouled the whole damn show
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we springled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers
You will know it's propoganda
For old Barcus, bless his soul.



TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

(Tune: Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place!

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO!

Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place!

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called "Echelon right!
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!"

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact Number Four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went
Never to bounce any more!

SONG OF R AND R

(Tune: Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice at Tachikawa
And the Sake in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese!

THE PO RIVER VALLEY

(Tune: Red River Valley)

To the Po River Valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po River Valley we're going
And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a Mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po River Valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

CHEERS, CHEERS

(Notre Dame Song)

Songs of the 71st

Cheers, cheers to old Col. Glen
He's got the situation in hand
Came to us right straight from FEAF
As wing commander he can't be beat

He'll never falter, he'll never fall
Birds on his shoulder win over all
Sends out paper by the ton
But that's how all wars are won

Cheers, cheers to old Col. Dick
As Deputy Commander he'll make things click
Came to us right straight from SAC
We hope he never has to go back

He has been flying since days of old
In Curtis biplanes so we've been told
Flying pay he likes to earn
So loop, roll, spin, crash, and burn

Cheers, cheers to our Col. Lew
At all the parties he drinks the brew
Sends us tigers out to die
In bent wing Sabres up in the sky

He's never grouchy, he's never tired
His favorite saying, "No sleep required"
Never seems to have to rest
From flying that large steel desk

Cheers, cheers to old Major Case
The fattest tiger here on the base
He likes things so neat and clean
Sweep up the floor and mop the latrine

Polish the brasswork, paint up the shack
I'm going flying but I'll be back
See you here at half past four
To paint up the shack some more

Cheers, cheers to Seventy First
Things could be better, couldn't be worse
We no longer fly all day
Now with a paint brush we earn our pay

Primary duty now can be seen
Painting the walls a nauseous green
We're not pilots any more
For we have to paint the floor

SWEET SUZANNE

SUZANNE WAS A LADY WITH PLENTY OF CLASS
WHO KNOCKED 'EM DEAD WHEN SHE WIGGLED HER

EYES AT THE FELLOWS AS GIRLS SOMETIMES DO
TO MAKE IT QUITE PLAIN SHE'S ACHING TO

TAKE IN A MOVIE OR GO FOR A SAIL
AND THEN HURRY HOME FOR A NICE PIECE OF

CHOCOLATE CAKE AND A SLICE OF ROAST DUCK
FOR AFTER A MEAL SHE'S READY TO

GO FOR A RIDE OR A STROLL ON THE DOCK
WITH ANY YOUNG MAN WITH A SIZEABLE

ROLL OF BILLS AND A PRETTY GOOD FRONT
AND IF HE TALKED SHE'D LET HIM TAKE HOLD OF HER

LILY WHITE HANDS WITH A MOVEMENT SO QUICK
AND THEN SHE'D REACH OVER AND TICKLE HIS

CHIN WHILE SHE SHOWED HIM A TRICK LEARNED IN FRANCE
AND ASKED THE POOR FELLOW TO TAKE OFF HIS

COAT WHILE SHE SANG OF THE INDIAN SHORE
FOR WHATEVER SHE WAS --- SUZANNE WAS NO BORE.

SOLO: We're going to burn down the outhouse!
CHORUS: BOO!
SOLO: But! We'll build a new one!
CHORUS: HOORAY! (Repeat chorus after each solo)
SOLO: Our town has only one bar!
But it's one hundred feet long!
Our bar has only one bartender!
Every ten feet!
Our barmaids wear long dresses!
Made out of cellophane!
You can't walk upstairs with our barmaids!
You've got to take the elevator!
You can't sleep with our barmaids!
They won't let you sleep!

SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall
Oh, My name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you one and all,
You're a lot of muckers all . . .
Damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,
And I left him there for dead . . .
Damn his eyes!

And they put me in the quad, in the quad,
Yes, they put me in the quad, with a chain and iron rod,
And they left me there, by God . . .
Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,
Oh, the parson he did come, and he looked so bloody glum
As he talked of kingdom come . . .
Damn his eyes!

And the sheriff he came too, he came too
And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,
They've a hanging job to do . . .
Damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go,
So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,
Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .
Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell
Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell
Hope to God you sizzle well . . .
Damn your eyes!

THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION

(Tune: Strawberry Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat
The Form One had a red line, I'll bet you on that.

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch
We pushed on power, then farted and stalled
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

We call to the tower, "Single engine", we say
"What the Hell", said the tower, "We got them all day."
"Go Around", said the tower, "We can't let you land
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand".

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim
We turned on final and free fell the gear
The Engineer murmured, "Please have no fear".

The pilot was scared, the co-pilot too
The engineer had all he could do
The runway was coming and coming up fast
One third of the runway had already passed.

We pulled off power and she settled in fast
That One-twenty-three had landed at last!

THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane
Constructed of steel and tin
It will do over three hundred level
The plane with the tailwind built in!
Oh, why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother knew best
For here I lie in the wreckage
Invader all over my chest!

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES

(Tune: A Gay Caballero)

Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
But a bomb like a cherry
Is all it can carry
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles.

Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another big lie.
Said pilot to bomber, "How slick,
Finding this target's no trick - -
But my God, how strange
We're fresh out of range,
Strap on my parachute quick."

The Air Force sure has the life grand - -
Wine, women and song is the plan;
There's medals by baskets
For flying our caskets
In the M-G-M starlet command.

F-80's are certainly keen
If to daring your tendencies lean - -
But we want it said,
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine.

With our bombers the world will be shocked,
At three hundred miles they've been clocked - -
But while dreaming up tricks,
With the B-36,
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue,
The pilot felt something quite new;
Christ what a sensation
Where's Public Relations
The legion of merit will do.

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles,
We claim it but only with smiles,
While crashing the barrier - -
We pooh, pooh the carrier,
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh, we know what we're saying is true,
We got it directly from Stu,
We love the blue yonder - -
But sometimes we wonder,
Just who's doing what and to who.

So listen young men as we say,
Be careful of wings and flight pay
There's no prohibitions
On suicide missions,
Soooooo - - come - - join the Air Force today.

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

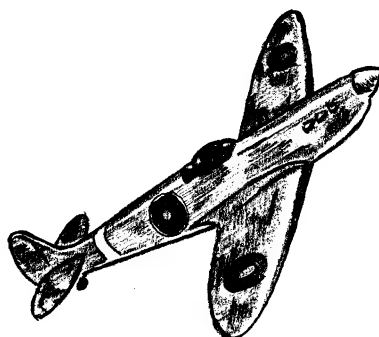
CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!



ONE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

One hand on the throttle
(Repeat)
One hand on the bottle
(Repeat)
Both feet in my pockets
(Repeat)
Off we go into the wild blue yonder
....Crash!

_____ Fighter Squadron

I love a billboard, I always will
A sexy billboard gave me
My first thrill
When I was only a little child
A sexy billboard drove me wild,

HERE'S TO _____

Here's to _____, he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard, so they say
Oh he might go to heaven, but he went
the other way.
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
So drink " " "

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, the _____ Fighter Group is here
tonight.
Break right, break left, streamers off the wing
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything
We're the joy boys from Itazuke
Hello, hello, hello, hello-o-o!

HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pohunkus, Tennessee
Came a bastard that was me
And my father shoveled snow
From off the street
Well, when I was very young
He found a diamond in the dung
And he sent me here to sing this song to you!

So hail, oh hail, you fighter pilots
Fill your glasses full of brew
And we'll have another glass
To the latest horses ass
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue!

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got sixpence - jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the AIR FORCE gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home.

THREE DRINKING SONGS

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Oh.....The liquor was spilt on the bar room floor
And.....The bar was closed for the night
When....Out of his hole the little mouse crept
And.....He sat in the pale moonlight.

He.....Licked up the liquor on the barroom floor
Then....On his haunches he sat
And.....All night long you could hear him roarr:
"Bring On Your God Damn Cat, Hic, Cat, Hic, Cat!"

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I was a ram, I would make them run faster

CHORUS: So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon!

If all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I was a hare, I would teach them bad habits

If all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee, I would buzz them for hours

If all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens

If all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles

CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, honey it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay
One day a rooster flew into the yard
And caught the chickens right off their guard

They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do
Ever since that rooster flew ~~into the~~ yard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard.

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)

Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
As President Truman has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys,
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
We'll have Parties and Banquets
And Banquets and Parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So-o-o-o-o-o Let's have a party!

We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO!

SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5
You've heard so much about
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out!

We're always full of whiskey
We're always full of booze
Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5
Now who the hell are yooze?

As we go marching
And the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the people shouting
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz
3-2-5 on parade!

Whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, the people cried
We own this club
We own this club
Three twenty fifth squadron we replied!!

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
Let's have a party!

SOLO

CHORUS

Now, we're gonna tear down the bar in the officer's club	BOO!
We're gonna build us a new bar	RAY!
It's only gonna be one foot wide	BOO!
But it's gonna be a mile long	RAY!
There's gonna be no bartenders at our bar	BOO!
There's only gonna be barmaids	RAY!
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	BOO!
Made out of cellophane	RAY!
You can't take our barmaids to your bunks	BOO!
They take you to their bunks	RAY!
You can't sleep with our barmaids	BOO!
They don't let you sleep	RAY!
Soda's gonna be ten bucks a glass	BOO!
Whiskey free	RAY!.
Only one to each pilot	BOO!
Served in buckets	RAY!
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	BOO!
And then we'll all go swimming	RAY!
Now no girls are allowed in the USO hall	BOO!
With their clothes on	RAY!
There'll be no lovin' on the dance floor	BOO!
And no dancing on the lovin' floor	RAY!

Parties make the world go round
World go round,...

.....

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbage hill
Never took a bath
Never will
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil!

WE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU SANG

_____, _____, we heard you when you sang
We don't like it, but we'll listen,
For tomorrow you'll probably prang.

This is table number one,
Number one, number one,
This is table number one,
Where in the hell is two?

This is table (Squadron number)
Who in the hell are you?

This is table BEST OF ALL
BEST OF ALL, BEST OF ALL
This is table BEST OF ALL
Who in the hell are you?

BEER SONG

For it's beer, beer, beer,
That makes you want to cheer
In the corps, in the corps
For it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Tro-o-o-p Carrier Corps!

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have (HI) not (HO) brought my
Specs with me!
Whiskey that makes you feel so frisky
Gin that makes you want to sin
Vodka that makes you feel too hotka
Old Saturn that makes your belly burn
Old Vermouth that makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon that makes you feel so chirpe
Wine that makes you feel so fine

INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U. S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U. S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to whine
Then you can bet the U. S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line!

STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad
And of all of his words, these were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast.

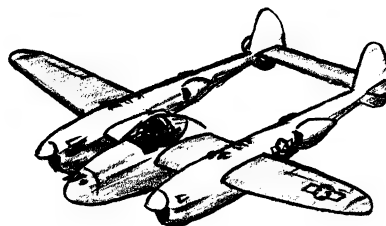
So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind
And off to New Guinea did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh!

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair
The tracers look fine as strafing we go
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low!

MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet!
He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!
I hear drums beating low and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets!



SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

Sing hallelujah for maneuvers
For maneuvers we're on our way
Now don't be grieving cause we're leaving
We'll be back the first of May
Good times lie before us
Not that you bore us
But we like to get away
Sing hallelujah for maneuvers
For maneuvers we're on our way.

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold
So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"
When I got there I was "SOL" for this is how I fly:

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him
Oh! How do you get that way?"
That was the greeting I received as I marched in today.
First they put me into the kitchen, "KP" was my name,
I wrote my girl that I was a flier
Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.
"Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh! How do you get that way?"
That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day
If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign
They'd better take up me kettles and pans
And give me an aeroplane!

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game
I've swung a pick and shovel, 'Till my weary back is lame
I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky
And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry: (CHORUS)

BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right
All: Right Now
Solo: Break right
All: Right now
Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around
All: We're flyin' around
Solo: And lookin' around
All: And lookin' around
Solo: The MiGs came down
All: The Migs came down
Solo: We went 'round and 'round
All: We went 'round and 'round
Solo: Throttle to the wall
All: Throttle to the wall
Solo: I counted them all
All: I counted them all
All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

Solo: Their noses were red
All: Their noses were red
Solo: They wanted me dead
All: They wanted me dead
All: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!

THE PRETTIEST PLANE

- | | | | |
|-------------|-------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------|
| (1)(Leader) | The prettiest plane | (8) | We're coming in with 13 chicks, 12 |
| (All) | The prettiest plane | | MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six |
| (Leader) | Out on the line | (9) | The moral of this story's clear |
| (All) | Out on the line | | When you start home just check |
| (Leader) | The MiG-15 | | your rear |
| (All) | The MiG-15 | (10) | Cause if you don't you're sure to |
| (Leader) | Flies mighty fine | | find, A MiG-15 tucked in behind. |
| (All) | Flies mighty fine | | |
| (All) | The prettiest plane out on the line | | |
| | The MiG-15 flies mighty fine! | | |
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon
The MiG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon
A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars
For MiG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four
The fox-eight-six don't have much more
- (6) The throttle's set right at full bore
We'll never catch that little whore
- (7) Then they start home and Casey calls
We're letting down, no sweat at all

FLEET AIR WING - - ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday success, I histed up 'er dress
And Thursday 'er chemise: Gor Blimey - -
Friday I put me 'and around 'er,
Saturday she gave me ear a tweek
But 'twas Sunday after dinner she made me out a sinner
And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

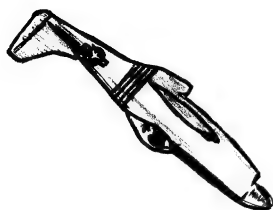
I don't want to be a soldier
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Picadilly on the ground
Livin' off the waiges of an 'igh born laidy
I don't want a bayonette up me backside
Don't want me buttocks shot away
For I'd rather be in England
Bloody, Bloody, England
And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey -

Call out the Army and the Navy
Call out the Rank and the File
Call out the dear old Territorials
They can face the battle with a smile
Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade
Who made Old England free
Call out your brother and your father and your mother
But for Christ's sake don't call me.

ITAZUKE ORT

(Tune: When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT!



An interview between Lt. Rudder, America's leading Ace, just returned from the war zone, the press and eager Col. Beaver, of Air Force Press Relations:

Press: Welcome home, Lt. Rudder, How does it feel to be back in the States again?

Lt. Rudder: Pretty pissed off.

Col. B: (to press) Lt. Rudder's eyes were misty when the outlines of the Statue of Liberty, symbol of American faith and fight for liberty, loomed into sight.

Press: What is the first thing you are going to do in New York? Lt. Rudder?

Lt. Rudder: Get laid.

Col. B: He intends to fly back to his old home town immediately and see his Mom and all the folks.

Press: Are they going to give you the Congressional Medal?

Lt. Rudder: They damn well should.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder's modesty disclaims any high awards. "Every man in the battle line deserves it as much as I", the Ace said.

Press: What about the case of champagne Gen. Beevil was going to give you for breaking Rickenbacker's record?

Lt. Rudder: Aw, he crapped out on me.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder is a teetotaler, The price of a case was generously donated to Russian relief at his suggestion.

Press: How did you shoot all those planes down?

Lt. Rudder: I guess I'm a pretty fucking hot pilot.

Col. B: Bashful Rudder attributes all his success to combination of teamwork, luck and superior equipment.

Press: Do you think the German pilot is as good as the American?

Lt. Rudder: I can fly circles up their ass.

Col. B: He pays high tribute to the fighting skill of the enemy.

Press: What about the Japanese?

Lt. R: Those shit-heads. They don't know their ass from third base.

Col. B: What the Lt. means is the quality of the Japanese airman is declining.

Press: What about your mechanic? Was he pretty good?

Lt. R: That dumb son-of-a-bitch was born with his thumb up his ass.
It was a miracle that I ever got off the ground.

Col. B: Rudder is lavish in his praise of his courageous ground crews
who work night 'n day to keep 'em flying.

Press: We understand that you intend to visit the factory that made your
plane.

Lt. R: Yeah--if the bastards aren't on strike. I'd like to get my hands
on the ass hole who welded his lunch box into the tail section.

Col. B: He is proud of our American worker and the magnificent job that
they are doing in "backing the attack."

Press: I understand that you plan to teach gunnery a while before going
back.

Lt. R: Yeah--somebody's got to give the kids the ungarbled truth. The
stuff they taught me in training almost got my ass shot off.

Col. B: Lt. Rudder is unqualified in his praise of the high degree of
training given our fledgling pilots.

Lt. R: Sorry boys, I've got to get out of here before the bars close and
line up a piece of ass - so long.

Col. B: Yes, Lt. Rudder can't wait to get back to his Mother's apple
pies, the girl he left behind, and the main street he played
Indian on as a small boy. If there are any further questions, I
believe that I can answer them, gentlemen.

NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

If you will kindly observe the following rules, it will be a hell of a lot easier and more comfortable for the crew --- after all --- whose airplane is this anyway?

1. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
2. Don't get snooty with the crew--remember your pilot is still learning to fly and he is more scared than you.
3. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
4. If a fellow passenger gets anxious, knock him in the head with an empty bottle.
5. Eyes forward all the time.
6. Leave each crew member a healthy tip.
7. Don't ask embarrassing questions of the crew, such as:
 - (A) Where are we?
 - (B) What time will we land?
 - (C) Who made that landing?
 - (D) Where is the can"
 - (E) Where are we going, how fast, how high are we, etc."Hell, they don't know!
8. If you don't like the food, to Hell with you; the Boss does.
9. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
10. Only six people allowed in the can at a time; please observe.
11. Save your gum after each landing for the next one. If it falls off your ears, don't stick it under the seats.
12. Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
13. Be thankful if you arrive anywhere.
14. Always let the crew off first--after all the damn thing might be on fire.
15. Don't bother the Stewardesses--they are along for the ride also.
16. Shut up! Keep your goddam feet off the seats.
17. Don't be so inconsiderate as to ask for magazines, papers, playing cards, beer, etc., before crew has had a chance at them first.
18. If the engine falls off--don't show any fear, it might frighten the crew.
19. By all means don't get airsick. At least wait until off the plane.
20. Don't expect the coffee to be hot. It never is.
21. And--Keep those feet off the goddam seats!!

HEADQUARTERS BASE SECTION No 1
Services of Supply
USAF - CBI
Office of the Provost Marshall

SUBJECT: Conduct of Enlisted Man.

TO : Commanding Officer, 60th Fighter Squadron, 33rd Fighter Group, Area B, AAFRC, APO 883

1. At about 2300 hours 23 February 1944, this office was informed that an American soldier had fallen into an open sewer at the corner of Inverarity Road and Frere Street, this city, but had been rescued by a group of natives. Soldier had wandered off in the direction of Elphinstone Street singing happily.

2. At about 2315 hours same date, T/5 Gordon L. Gibbs, 36181150, 3479th Ordnance, and Pfc Robert Anderson, 39454676, 489th A. B. Squadron, M.P. Detachment, were passing the same open sewer and heard a loud splashing noise accompanied by singing. They fished Cpl. William P. Sokoloski, 6854457, your organization, from the sewer and brought him to M. P. Headquarters.

3. Cpl. Sokoloski had been in this office earlier in the evening to report the loss of some gifts which he had purchased. He now stated that he had been looking for his lost gifts, and had been walking along the sidewalk when on stepping off the street, he found himself over his head in water. He vaguely remembered being helped out by some natives, but a short time later found himself walking along the same sidewalk, and on stepping off into the street again found himself over his head in water.

4. The "sidewalk" to which Cpl. Sokoloski refers is a low brick wall which protects the sewer.

5. T/5 Gibbs and Pfc Anderson state that C-1. Sokoloski insisted that he was swimming in a public pool, which he also insisted he had a perfect right to do.

6. Cpl. Sokoloski was driven to the KGA and put on a truck to return to his organization. Both this office and the jeep in which he rode were mopped out and fumigated.

7. T/5 Gibbs and Pfc Anderson have asked to be recommended for the Soldiers Medal.

8. As this sewer is full of combined human and animal excrement, decaying animal and vegetable matter, as well as water running off the streets, it is suggested that Cpl. Sokoloski be given every inoculation and test known to god and man.

9. Attention is further directed to a local regulation which prohibits soldiers swimming alone. The "Buddy System" is used, so that if Cpl. Sokoloski insists on swimming in this sewer in the future, he must be accompanied.

10. No charges are preferred against Cpl. Sokoloski. This communication is for your information only.

For the Commanding Officer:

RICHARD B. LANGNER
1st Lt., C.M.P.,
Asst. Provost Marshal

18 July 1957

Dear Colonel Carey:

Well, here it is the end of the canning season - the time when I usually take time out to write a few letters to my good friends; the time when I remember all the good things, and indulge myself to the extent of getting a little sentimental.

It's a rainy evening, the doorbell rings intermittently - the kids are all out on their trick-or treat Halloween binge in spite of the weather -- but here in the den it's cozy and comfortable. I'm sitting before a nice open fire with my typewriter - sort of half listening to the hi-fi and slowly sipping a very, very dry double Martini. I only wish you were here - but since you are not, the least I can do is to toast your health and happiness - so time out, old pal, while I bend my elbow to you!

I just took time out to mix another Martini, and while I was out in the kitchen I thought of all the time I would waste this evening if I went out to mix another drink every once in a while, so I just made up a big pitcher of Martt Martinies and brough ti backiw ith me xo X8d have it right here beside me and wouldn't hav to wast time making more of them. So now I'm all set and here goies. Besides, Martinis are a great drink. For some reason they never seeme to affec me in the slighttest. Can drink thrm all day long. So here goes. Theyr⁴atets think in tje whole world is frendship. An believe me pal you are the greatest pal anybdy ever had. Do you remember all the swill times we had to gether ol pal? The wonerful camping trisp. I8ll never forget the time yoi put the deadskunk in mh sleeping bag. ha.ha. Boy hwo we lauhged din we. Ndevr did get the stin kout of it. But is wass prety funny ahywah. I sill laught about it onec in while. No as muhc as I used to. But what hcek! after all you stillmy bes old pal. Anf if a guy canot have a luaghg on a good treu friend one in a wihle waht the heck.

Dam pitcher was empty so smpty so I just wentoutandma de another one and I sure wischt you weer here ol pal to held me drink these martoni because they ar³ simplu deliucius. Parn me wile I life my flass a/ to you good healhth once more because you are the bests apll I gott. Offf cours why a pal wuld do a dirty think like putting a skunk in a nother pals sleping batg i8m damm if i know. That was a luousy thing for anybofdy to do an oly a frist class hele wuld doit. Wash a damm bit funney. S till stinsk. And if you thing it(s funney your a dirty lous and as fare as I)m conserved youcan go plumto hellll and sttay there you dirty lous.

To hel with ouy.

HEADQUARTERS 312TH FIGHTER WING (SP)
APO 210, C/O POSTMASTER
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

E-1/1

22 June 1944

SUBJECT: The A-3 Section Ties Up Again

TO : P. B. Klein, o-21502, Colonel, Air Corps, United States Army, Commanding Officer of the 81st Fighter Group (P-47 D-15 Equipped), Stationed at Field A-3 (Kwanghan), APO 210, c/o Postmaster, New York City, New York, (Chengtu, Szechwan Province, China).

1. The A-3 section has lost face. It is with much pain that those who guide the destiny (continually confuse) of our gallant men of the air must admit they have made a horrible mistake. We beg a thousand pardons.

2. The story is a sad one which we now recount. A long, long time ago, in the land of make believe (rice paddies and you know what), there lived a certain Prince (Lt. Col.) who had a large mustache (guess who?). This mustache was the envy of all who loved things hairy (not what you are thinking either); maidens (WAVES, WACS, SPARS, etc) swooned, men wondered (what the hell it was for), dogs howled (I know what it is for), and it rained hard most every day. (He can reach both nipples at once with it.) This is the end of our fairy tail. It's a sad, sad ending - because he wasn't happy in the land where there wasn't any (You know what).

3. Perhaps you wonder (me too) what the moral of this tail - excuse me - tale is. There wasn't any (tale or tail). Consequently, this story has no bearing on the case.

4. We beg, therefore, your forgiveness in returning these documents, and unworthy as we are, pray you to comply with the provision of Part 8, Section V of Army Air Force Memorandum Sixty two Dash One Four.

5. This document, you see, proves several things. First, the Illustrious A-3 Section has relented, repented, and decided they were wrong, consequently decided to reverse their decision (it happens all too often, doesn't it"). Secondly, it proves there isn't much doing this morning (there never is).

6. Again we ask permission to apologize and beg forgiveness. As penance for our sins, we promise to drink not less than one (1) quart of Bourbon per man per day (what a dream) for the rest of our natural lives.

I beg to remain your humble servant.

E. F. CAREY, JR., O-388885,
Lt. Col., Air Corps, (Res),
Hq, 312th Fighter Wing,
APO 210, c/o Postmaster
New York City, New York

2 Incls:

Incl 1 - Report of Aircraft Accident
Lt. C. F. SPAULDING.

Incl 2 - Report of Aircraft Accident
Lt. B. F. GREEN.

A TALE OF OLD TAEGU

And in the years of the reign of the emperor Harry, it came to pass that the Chosen people found themselves in the valley of Taegu. Came there people from a place called Taejon and spake they thus to the newcomers. ' Behold, the enemy cometh upon us even as they have in the North and filleth us with bullets, and smiteth us with divers munitions and such of us he catcheth, he visiteth passing great atrocities upon. Therefore heed ye and listen for the sound of the panic button, and prepare ye to flee to the place which is called Pusan, for even though the waters open not, then shall ye hitch-hike with the Navy. And so speaking, they didst brake such weapons as proved unserviceable, and prepared themselves to quit the valley.

But the newcomers made as if they heard them not, and spake of great deeds of arms and of the enemy to be slain, though in secret their knees trembled and they were so afraid. In the fullness of time, the radio spake of the approach of the enemy and a voice spake of the approach of the glorious peoples army to liberate the fatherland, and thus did it proclaim to all the land - the time cometh, of imperialist oppressors of the people. So the newcomers spake each unto the other, saying - wherefore this business of imperialists, thou old oppressor, thou? And his neighbor spake - Verily, I understand not this talk of imperialism for I desire only to return to Truman's Island and to retire wherefore I came into the service.

Then the enemy drew yet closer, and the thunder of their wrath was heard in the hills, and many there were who climbed aboard chariots of the air and left the valley. Then come into the valley one day one who is called the CO, and he spake thusly - Verily I say unto ye - we shall stay here while yet the iron birds fly, and we shall heap napals and leaden hail upon the heads of the enemy and their arms shall not prevail against us. Wherefore, head ye, and labor nightly upon the line, and know ye that I shall chew upon the posterior of each of the lowliest Lieutenant each day, else the enemy prevail against us.

Then came he of the corn cob pipe and the iron bird named for a peninsula in the Far-away southern islands, and strode out and thus did he speak to the multitude - be ye of good cheer, for I shall stay. Then returned he forthwith to the nine and fortieth state, which is called Nippon whereof he is governor.

Then, in due seriousness, the multitudes labored upon the line, loaded they the aircraft, and shouted they over the radio and hauled they fuel, for the number of the enemy was as the leaves of the trees, and the hour of reckoning approached.

Wherefore he who was called CO unto the tent of him who was called Armament and spake he thusly - wherefore liest thou upon thy posterior in thy sack when even now the faithful labor upon the line? Laggards there are in thy section, players of cards, writers of letters to their wives, shooters of craps, yea even drinkers of Budweiser thereare. Whyfore laborest thou not upon the line and do likewise, and labor ye mightly, lest I chew again upon thy posterior, until it becometh even as the sieve, which holdeth not. So speaking, he who was called the CO departed in the fullness of his wrath, and he who was called armament arose and cursed, and didst break wind and scratched himself, and went forth to labor at the line. Then he chewed mightly upon the posteriors of the faithless, saying - wherefore labor ye not upon the line when thy bretheren work their posteriors off? Whyfore shoot ye craps and drink ye even Budweiser, wherefore the old man cheweth upon my posterior, which is passing tender lately? So spake he and they labored mightly.

And in the fullness of time, the enemy came yet closer, and there was a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day, and each of the newcomers thought unto himself - This time they snow us not as they did when the smoke of locomotives was said to be the enemy. For we can see the flash of the rockets and the smoke of the bombs which even lately we have loaded. Verily the enemy is upon us, and if we are taken we shall suffer the wrath of the star that glows red over the house of he that is known as Joseph. So they thought, but they spake mightily of deeds of valor and of the many enemy to be slain, speaking each unto the other. Yet each in his turn went into his tent and check with loving care, his carbine and his ammunition therefor, and his pack with three days if C -rations, and his extra socks and his map to Pusan. And there were those among them who returned to their tents to change drawers, for the thunder in the hills was passing close.

And in the fullness of their need for tools, the chosen ones went unto him who was called supply, and called upon him and he spake saying - verily breatheren, so I know thy wants but some son of Bolial hath either evacuated the Class I stock or brought them not wherefore I call on FEAMCOM without the stock number they send me diverse strange implements, and he showed them cowlings wrenches for the F-12 and harmonization tools for the A-17 and offered them WAC shoes, and they sent them on their way.

Even in greater numbers came the riders of the great iron birds and left them to be reloaded while they strode to the tent of him who was called Intelligence and spake to him of great deeds of arms and of weeping and wailing in the camp of the enemy, wherefore he who was called Intelligence caused it all to be written down and caused it to be classified SECRET and turned the crank and didst shout into the direct line to JOC, but the telephone availleth not.

Then he who was called Operations strode to the line and spake thusly, - wherefore foul ye up? Whyfore load ye not more and yet more aircraft? In the fullness of his wrath, the Old Man shall descent upon me and I shall be cast into outer darkness. Even Generals are come to the line in chariots of blue and black to ask me questions. How then can I answer those questions if ye load not aircraft? Therefore labor ye well else I turn ye in. Therefore the chosen ones went forth again and alored mightily upon the iron birds, saying each unto the other - Verily this man speaketh not with a forked tongue, for else we labor well, we shall be smitten by the enemy. And they called upon him who was called Ordnance, he of the foul cigar and purple cap, for more rockets of silver, fat bombs and shining ammunition. And he who was called Ordnance called upon FEAMCOM saying - Whyfor keepest thou me here if thou sendest not munitions?

And on the days when there was no inventory, the chosen ones went forth to the PX and saw there, many things which were called beetle crushers, and spake unto them saying - whyfor lengthenest thou our PX line what goeth with the war? And the warriors spake unto them, telling of the iron birds and of mighty feats of arms and spake of seventy, yea of one hundred and seventy groups, and of unification of subject. Wherefore the chosen ones spake unto the other saying - Verily these people snow us not for it is passing tough up on the line, and each went in his turn unto his tent and annointed his carbine with oil and checked his escape kit.

And in the fullness of time it came to pass that three stricken iron birds were made ready to fly again, and he who was called Base Operations spake unto him who was called Base Operations saying - Whyfore fly we not together with the A-3 these aircraft? Whyfore get we not in a few sorties ourselves? And they left the valley parachutes and other personal equipments and spake thusly - Wherefore we take these aircraft? Whomsoever do they think themselves to be? Verily I shall call

upon Base Operations and cause them to fly not. Yet when they called upon Base Operations it availed them not for the fear of the wrath of the Base Operations was carried forth and great was the weeping and wailing and wailing in the camp of the enemy, for many of their chariots of war ran not and many were the war stories therefrom.

And many times there came into the valley, iron birds whose surfaces shown even as silver in the sunlight and whose weapons were kept like watches. And among their riders, there were flight leaders who spake hopefully of promotions to bloody corporals for these men used this word in their speech where ordinary men used commas, and they spake to the chosen ones of their southern country and told stories and sang songs which were passing dirty. Bottles of Australian whiskey they bought and great was the rejoicing therefore and great was the anguish in the camp of the enemy for as pilots, these men were passing hot even as their whiskey.

Even yet on some days the face of the sun was hidden and the host of the beetle crushers fought by themselves and on those days the chosen ones went unto the weather men and didst speak saying - what of the weather, oh learned ones? If the faces of the sun remained hidden, then our aircraft shall fly not and the enemy shall overcome us, and the weatherman answered not but went into his tent and packed.

And fire and brimstone and napalm was heaped onto the enemy and the hail of rockets and cal. 50 fell upon his head and much of the enemy as remained, returned to the North, and the voice of the radio was stilled and spoke no more of imperialists and of liberation and of glorious People's Army. And they who were called beetle crushers lengthened not the PX line for they too had gone unto the North.

And new aircraft came into the valley and the chosen ones watcheth their ascensions and spake to the new ones of mighty deeds of arms and of the days when the thunder of the enemy was even greater than the thunder of the new aircraft.

Thus in the fullness of time, peace came unto the valley and he who was called CO sent his staff forth on their appointed rounds and caused them to be shown the planes in which great deeds had been done, and told them war stories, whereof they listened with great interest and with expressions of astonishment as was fitting. And there were those among the chosen ones who received R and R and there were those among the chosen ones who returneth to Nippon and embraced their wives and beat upon the posteriors of their children. And there were those among their wives who spake unto them saying - whyfor comest thou not home as often as thy neighbor who has had seventeen R and R's during this police action? Verily thou lovest me not!

And there came unto the valley Squadron Commanders who checked their VD reports beating upon their breasts and saying - Woe is me for the character guidance program availleth not. And then caused their men to place hats upon their heads and to salute as is fitting and proper and the chosen ones spake unto each other saying - Verily this is chicken! This place groweth more stateside each day and they placed hats upon their heads and went forth to salute as is fitting and proper. There was buildings of organization charts and talk of ground safety and of I and E programs and there was much passing of vehicles also. And inspectors also there came, each with the waxing and waning of the moon for the thought of their tax exemption was heavy upon them and he who was called CO rejoiced to see them for then he knew peace had at last come to the valley.

"THE VOICE THAT CRIES IN THE TEEN-AGE WILDERNESS"

O Mighty National Military Establishment, hear our feeble voice. Hark unto us, the old people. We are calling, who served Thee under the Pay Bill of 1922, and who suffered silently under the Economy of 1933.

Remember us now, Thy servants who paid our own laundry bills and had not the pleasures of the dancing girls of the U.S.O.

We, who were Thy acting corporals and acting first sergeants, and who commanded companies in the rank of second lieutenant; we who offered thanks when we were promoted before our hair was like the snow upon the mountain.

Canst Thou not remember us now, Thine old legions of the shining armor and the glistening brass?

We are the few who were with Thee when Thou wert smitten both from the East and from the West.

Did we not steel the people, and beat their plowshares into a mighty sword when evil was upon them?

Are we so soon forgotten, the hundred thousand who increased more than a hundred fold?

Consider Thou Thy handiwork, and prevail upon the elders to deliver us from evil. Now that Thy foot is upon the neck of the enemy, and the noise of the battle is stilled, remember Thou Thy good and faithful servants.

Consider Thou these people you have put among us; damp are their heads behind their ears. They toil not, neither do they spin. Their buttocks show through their fatigue garments, and they know not the sewing kit; they trim not their locks, and they bathe most infrequently; their kit bags smell of foul linen. Tarnish is upon their brass, and their barracks are like unto the stable of the animals of the field.

There are no men among them, but a horde of M.O.S.'S; they can do no other thing. The cook cannot clean a rifle, and the clerk cannot scrub his office floor; in the offices sit many pencil twiddlers with civilian employees upon their right and upon their left; they do nothing and know nothing.

Their garments are like unto the zoot suit, and are adorned with watch chains and many unauthorized ribbons; they button not their top buttons, and they wear their caps like unto the taxi drivers. They become drunken on 3.2 beer, and they rider the sick book all through the hours of duty. They loiter at the P.X. and whistle at our women folk; no maiden is safe from their voice, even in the hours of daylight.

These people know not of fiddlers green, and the spirit of the fighting man is not in them; they sit in the scorer's seat, and are civilians in their hearts; they would not stand their watch at the gate.

Take heed now, O high brass, lest these people take away the hinge from the gate and loosen the stones from our walls. Hearken unto our petition, O mighty men who sit deep within the building with many sides. Let the voice of the first sergeant roar forth again like that of the great lion; let him again be a man of stern visage; give him again the power which can strike fear unto the hearts of the malcontents.

Let thy squadron commander sit again in the inner office as the centurion, and let his voice be the voice of the law; let the recruit come before his commander with his hat in his hand and a civil tongue in his head; let the junior birdman render unto Caesar those things that are Caesar's.

Let us now be military men once more, fit again for the conflict!

Amen

AN INTERVIEW

General, what are your plans for the next war?

There won't be any next war.

Why not?

When all the other nations hear about our plans, they won't dare to start a war.

What are the plans, General?

First of all, we will restrict our entire offensive to the air. By fabricating overwhelming offense, we can ignore the defense. This can be achieved by dreadnaughts of the air. We refer to these as air-naughts.

What will the air naughts be like?

It will operate on the closed shuttle principle.

What is the closed shuttle principle, General?

That is a procedure whereby an aircraft can bomb a target and keep on going, to return to its starting point without turning around.

Do you mean they will fly completely around the earth?

That's it exactly.

General, how can we build planes that can go that far?

The details aren't worked out yet, but the idea is comparatively simple. If one plane can go 5,000 miles, two planes can go 10,000 miles. Now if you double the fuel load of these two planes, you can get 20,000 miles. Actually, we won't need as much fuel as that, because the planes will go faster.

How much faster?

Well, a plane that is standing on the ground is traveling about 1,000 mph because the earth rotates about 24,000 miles in 24 hours. We should be able to add another 1,000 mph to the plane's initial, or static, speed, and thus get around the world in 12 hours. We can travel in such a direction that the last part of the flight will be downhill, or we can pick a direction which will provide a tailwind all the way. That will give us optimum velocitation.

Will the airnaught carry any payload?

Definitely; every single member of the flight's crew will draw flight pay.

I meant bomb load, General. With such a load of fuel, how do you propose to carry any bombs.

We have written specifications for bombs which will be absolutely devastating and must not exceed 1 lb. in weight. We refer to these as bombmites. The control button console should not weigh over 30 lbs for full equipmentation.

Are you going to have any trouble getting enough fuel for your airfleet?

None at all. We are working on a fuel-recovery system by which each plane reprocesses the exhaust products of the plane ahead, and thus manufactures most of its own fuel.

How does the first plane in line get its fuel?

There won't be any "first" plane. There will be a continuous ring of planes so that each one will have a plane ahead of it. This constitutes a sort of endless bombelt.

General, that is remarkable. Does it mean all your planes will have to stay in the air continuously?

Not necessarily, but that is a feature we are working toward. The thought is that our planes won the last war by staying in the air only 6 hours a day, they can win the next one four times as fast by staying in the air 24 hours a day. Or, in the same length of time the same job can be done by one fourth the number of planes.

That means you could refuel in the air?

We would go much farther than that. We expect to re-service the plane in all respects, and exchange flight crews while airborne. Thus we can dispense with bases. When we ultimate this program, you will find that all phases of warfare will be completely serialized.

How are we going to handle the enemy's defenses against your bombelt?

We wont have any.

Why not, General?

As I explained, we propose to devote all our potential to the offense. Practically all other powers will do likewise since they pattern their forces on our organization. Thus, any enemy is bound to get caught without any defense.

Are there any other developments I can mention in connection with your publicity?

Well, under our directivation the project engineers are working up an interesting list of devices. These include projectile traps and strato-mines. The new binolular electronics system also gives us some very valuable military implements. Among them are missile reversers, blind underway remote photography (BURP), and electronic camouflage (Chamelonics). Retro-radar will permit keeping the bombsight on the ground. Thus, the groundier will take over the bombardier's job which will eventually be handled automatically. As you can see, we have just about eliminated the man from the problem. The next logical step is to eliminate the machine. We call this de-mechanization.

General, are there any obstacles to your plan?

We are worried bout de-objectivation.

What is that?

Target shortage.

DEFINITION OF "ATC" TERMS

AIR TRAFFIC	A concentration of numerous aircraft over a given point, each demanding the same route and altitude and each having special priority.
ATC CLEARANCE	A verbal method of compelling a pilot to fly a route and altitude he otherwise would never have chosen.
ATC CONTROLLER	An individual subsidized by the railroads and concentrated to the task of discouraging travel by air.
AIRWAY	A route so designed by CAA that neither pilot nor ATC can find it on the charts.
APPROACH SEQUENCE	A means devised by ATC to make a pilot land last when he knows all along that he should be first.
APPROACH TIME	The time given the pilot to make him happy while attempts are made to figure out what to do with him.
BASIC VFR MINIMUMS	Those weather conditions under which a chicken can clear a low fence while maintaining satisfactory forward visibility.
CAR 60	An ancient scroll of pre-historic lore quoted by ATC and pilots alike to prove that the moon is made of green cheese.
CENTER	Drafty, ill-kept barn-like structure in which government pensioners congregate for dubious reasons.
COMPETENT AUTHORITY	Accredited individuals who have finished the third grade.
CONTROL AREA	Air space in which only one center has authority to disrupt the flow of traffic.
CRUISING ALTITUDE	Any altitude other than altitude requested by pilot or any altitude maintained by the pilot other than the altitude last approved by ATC.

DEPARTURE TIME	The time that take-off is permitted by the tower after all other aircraft on the field have departed.
FLIGHT PLAN	Any information filed by the pilot which communications can manage to lose or otherwise withhold from ATC.
HOLDING PATTERN	Laughable term applied to the dogfight in progress over the radio facility serving a terminal airport.
IFR	Conditions under which pilots cannot see how closely they just missed colliding or conditions under which the other fellow is always flying at your altitude.
REPORTING POINT	A location over which pilots occasionally verify their position during clear weather. NOTE: It is considered unsporting to report over positions within five minutes of estimated time.
SEPARATIONS	That condition achieved when two or more aircraft fail to collide. NOTE: Sometimes achieved by having two conflicting aircraft work on different frequencies-called "frequent separation".
TOWER	Glass solarium in which the above-mentioned government pensioners sun themselves.
VFR	That whitish gray stuff that goes by your wing tips when climbing and descending in accordance with VFR.

SUCH MODESTY!

It seems that a wealthy young playboy out for a night, picked up a beautiful young girl in a bar and took her up to his apartment. Instead of this girl being a tramp, she was well groomed, chic, and seemingly quite intellectual. Thinking that he would have to impress her to get anywhere, he showed her some etchings, first editions, and finally offered her some wine. He asked whether she would prefer port or sherry. "Oh, Sherry by all means," she replied. "Sherry to me is the nectar of the Gods. Just looking at it here in its crystal clear decanter fills me with the anticipation of a heavenly thrill, and when the stopper is removed and this gorgeous liquid is poured into a glass, I inhale the delicious tangy fumes, and I'm lifted on the wings of ecstasy. It seems I taste this magic potion and my whole being seems to glow--a thousand violins throb in my ears and I'm sent into another world." "On the other hand," she said, "Port makes me fart."

The boss of a medium sized office had hired a steno who was out of this world. She had looks, personality, and clothes. After looking at her for a few weeks, the boss, a married man, decided that he was going to take her out some night. He approached her and asked if she would like to celebrate his birthday with him, at some secluded night spot. She said that she would have to think about it.

The next day she consented to go but offered that they go to her apartment instead of out somewhere. To himself, as any other normal man, he commented: "Better than I planned."

The night of his birthday they went to her apartment and had cocktails, appetizers, dinner and some drinks afterward. A short while after, she said: "I am going to my bedroom now and you can come in . . .in 5 minutes."

After four minutes had gone by, the boss started to disrobe. Totally naked by the time the five minutes were up, he knocked on the bedroom door. The voice from behind the door in a sweet tone said "Come in". A twist of the door knob and the door was open, only to find the rest of the office force singing:

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU."

My First Time

She lay back with a long sigh, allowing the muscles of her shapely legs to relax and partly drew up her shaking knees. For a half hour she had put him off. First one excuse then another, resisting desperately all the time, but hoping down deep in her heart that he would go ahead, paying no heed to her protests. It was what she wanted. She had known all the time, but now that the time had come she was afraid. Of course she knew that he thought nothing of it, but for her it was the first time. He had been gentle with her, however, assuring her over and over again that he would give her ease to that growing pain that had kept her tossing in bed at night. Her fingers involuntarily fluttered to the spot; it was hot with anticipation. But when she was relaxed she stared with fascination at the thing he held in his hand. Yet her knees were drawn tight with fear. He was as gentle as he promised. She was light of weight and he went slowly and carefully. Her muscles relaxed voluntarily. She opened wide to give him more room. Chills went up and down her spine. It seemed he was drawing her spine out. "Don't take it out." "I can't stand it." "Do it faster". It seemed all day, but in reality it was only a few minutes when he said, "It's coming now." And she felt it come too. Her body leaped in a series of convulsions, then she lay back quietly.

It was then the dentist removed the instruments from her mouth and with it came the tooth. (Oh, for the life of a dentist!)

Were you scared?

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM

(Tune: I Learned About Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine.
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to take off and land.
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band.
But when I went up for a solo
The jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, But I bumped my hip
And I learned about flying from him.

The man from Cornell was a bad one
A son-of-a-gun I will say.
The dirty tail-spin that he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked in the cowl
And I learned about flying from him.

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tube.
All that I heard was his swearing
He spotted me for a boob.
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled "kick the rudder you simp"!
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him.

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine.
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And - - when I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him.

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time.
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine.
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the Navy to sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me.